

Boston, July 2, 1842.

Beloved Friend:

92. Your prompt reply to my last letter was peculiarly gratifying, as it brought me the welcome information of your restoration to health, at least so far as to enable you once more to resume your pen. I had begun to feel quite anxious in regard to your illness, but am now greatly relieved in my mind.

The health of my own family, at the present time, is good, and my own is excellent. My dear Helen fully reciprocates your friendly remembrances, and longs to see and become personally acquainted with you. Your arrival in the United States would be hailed with gladness by thousands of as warm and excellent friends of bleeding humanity, as the world has ever known. When may we hope for that joyous event to transpire? Do not say with O'Connell, that you will not visit us, so long as our soil is polluted by the footprints of a slave; for, by your coming, you will be able to do much to erase those footprints forever. Remember, that a trip in the steamer from Liverpool to Boston is now but a very slight excursion. We shall insist upon your making us a social visit, (*Deo volente*,) at some future period not very far distant, in company with our mutually beloved friend George Thompson, whose reception would be enthusiastic in the extreme. Dear Thompson can scarcely realize how great is my admiration, how fervent is my love, for him. It is seldom I write to him, but he has an abiding place in my heart; and I trust nothing will ever occur to alienate us from each other. May his strength be equal to his day!

You will perceive what a hornet's nest I have stirred up, by calling for a dissolution of the union between the free and the slave States of this republic. The disclaimer of the Executive Committee of the Parent Society, on this subject, just before the last anniversary in New-York, was a very weak and precipitate affair, and has been condemned by the abolitionists, nam. con. It expressed far more than they really intended to convey, and I believe they all heartily regret its publication. It was an error of judgment, committed under circumstances of great peril, and not a compromise of principle. You may be assured, that an issue is fast making up to this effect—Slavery must be abolished, or the Union dissolved. A more atrocious compact was never made since the fall of Adam. Its dissolution is required by every principle of morality, justice, and religion. The agitation of this question is destined to rock the country to its centre, but they who have received a Kingdom which cannot be moved have no reason to be afraid. It is only those things which are made, that can be shaken down.

"His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
Nor feels earth move, nor heeds its idle whirl."

Happy are they who feel that they stand on the eternal rock, and that their faith has overcome the world. Instead of crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace," they are continually praying that God would "wreck, overturn, and overturn," every portion of Satan's empire. How can the righteous tremble? Is he not as bold as a lion? Is it not the wicked who flee when no man pursueth?

I have not yet thanked you for a little work which you forwarded to me last fall, on the subject of christian perfection, written by a member of the Society of Friends. I have read it with much pleasure. To me, the doctrine is unspeakably precious.—

This world can never be redeemed, until it be received into the hearts, and acted out in the lives, of the professed followers of Christ. But, oh! how it is hated, scoffed at, and rejected as a damnable heresy, by the religious teachers of the day, and by those who are led by these blind guides! There is no practice, however vile — no sin, however impious — which is not now compatible with a christian profession. Slaveholders, warriors, worshippers of mammon, enemies of holiness, are all embraced in the christian fold. No marvel, therefore, that all Christendom is full of selfishness, pollution, oppression, and violence, and ripening for destruction. All this proves that the religion of the day is spurious, and that few are found to believe in Christ. Now, the axe must be laid to the root of the tree, and total abstinence from sin and immediate emancipation from the chains of Satan be insisted on as the reasonable duty of every human soul, and as essential to christian character, or in vain will every isolated effort in favor of temperance, abolition, moral reform, political equality, &c. &c. to raise mankind from their fallen condition. If it be true, that he who has not the spirit of Christ is none of his — that there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus — that they who are born of God cannot do wickedly — that they only are christians, who are dead to sin, and alive to God — then it is certain, that of the millions who profess to have passed from death unto life, scarcely a fraction may be regarded as having ^a just claim to the title which they assume. While professing to be free, they at the same acknowledge that they are in bondage. They make provision for sin in the flesh, by declaring that none can live without sin. What but unbelief hinders them from exclaiming, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ"?

Our dear brother, Henry C. Wright, expects to leave for England soon after the 1st of August. We know not how to spare him; but, remembering that the field is the world, and desiring to disseminate the heavenly doctrine of non-resistance abroad as well as at home, we are reconciled to his leaving us for a time. I know you, as well as others, will give him a cordial reception, and gladly use your influence to get him a hearing before the people. I am sure you will admire the simplicity of his manners, the serenity and benevolence of his spirit, the uprightness of his walk and conversation, and the

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devotion which he manifests to the cause of Christ, in all its branches. His style of preaching is blunt and severe, but calm and affectionate; and in the social circle, he is a delightful companion. His great forte lies in addressing little children, over whom he exerts complete mastery. Place him in the midst of a crowded assembly of children, and he never fails to produce a deep impression upon their minds. Heaven bless his mission!

We are making vigorous efforts to carry on our anti-slavery campaign, and our prospects are daily brightening. But my sheet is full—and so is my heart. Believe me that I am
Your much attached friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.